

Lift a Line For Revision

Judy Leff

Early one Saturday morning, I stood in front of the elephant enclosure up on the ridge at Wild Animal Park. A very small group of people gathered around to watch the antics of one very rambunctious baby elephant. The whole area was his playpen, and he put on quite a show for us. The clumsy little fellow ran from one end of the enclosure to the other, **smacked into everything in his way** and generally acted like a curious and fearless toddler. Everyone who was lucky enough to be there in that moment walked away with great big smiles on their faces.

Lift a line

smacked into everything in his way

First he rammed into his mother, and crashed to the ground like he had just hit a brick wall. Mom was busy eating and paid no attention to her baby who was now lying on his side, rolling around in dirt. Undaunted by the snub, he picked himself up, shook off the dust which flew around him like a whirlwind, and charged off to the other end of the enclosure. He butted his head directly into his brother, who looked at him in distain, as if to say, “Not you again! Why don’t you bug somebody else?” Once again, he landed on his side, laid there, perfectly content for a few minutes, got back on his wobbly feet, staggered around, collected his thoughts and began running wildly in circles. Finally, exhausted, and tired of being ignored, he returned to his mother’s side for a little drink of milk and some reassurance.

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Everyone who was lucky enough to be there in that moment walked away with great big smiles on their faces. **I couldn't help thinking to myself, "That baby elephant acts just like a curious, fearless toddler."**